



Literary Supplement



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The Sea of
Lost Ships

L. C. Copeland

MORE than the usual interest centres in that part of the ocean which is known as the Sargasso Sea, since the tales that have been woven around it are romantic in the extreme.

It was in the far-off days of the Phoenicians that first mention of the strange, weedy area of the Atlantic appears. The Phoenician traders let it be noised abroad that any ship which ventured beyond the pillars of Hercules was liable to become enmeshed in a tangled mass of oceanic vegetation; and they further intimated that across this unexplored region the winds of heaven seldom blew, so that a vessel having once become entangled would have no hope of returning home. It need hardly be urged at this point that in all this the hardy Phoenicians were consulting their own interests, and did not hesitate to depart from the strict truth for the purpose of frightening prospective trading rivals. They themselves had travelled widely, and probably knew a good deal about the unknown world that they did not write down.

From these times until the days of Christopher Columbus nothing seems to have been done to break the hoodoo of the Atlantic. Mariners sailed a certain distance, and then turned back, fearing that would arrive at the edge of the earth, and drop off. But in 1492, Columbus set out with his three small barks, and pushed forward slowly for many days; then he records in his journal that he came upon a great amount of weed, that extended as far as the eye could see. This reassured his seamen, who felt that they must be nearing land, although some were afraid to proceed lest the vessels strike hidden rocks. But when the same marine conditions continued for over a week, with comparatively little wind, all became anxious, and only careful management on the part of the commander prevented mutiny.

Since the time of Columbus, many references have been made to the Sargasso Sea, and many legends have been associated with it. It is really nothing more nor less than a huge whirlpool, caused by two great eddies—the Equatorial Current and the Gulf Stream. The weed which collects there is torn from the shores of the numerous islands in the Caribbean Sea, and also—it is thought—from the coast of South America. Recent scientific expeditions have discovered that the weed never collects very densely, although it is sometimes seen covering as much as an acre of the sea, and ships as they pass through it appear to be ploughing through a meadow.

To return to the modern legends, which are really the most interesting, and are found both in novels and in motion picture plays. The legendary description of the Sargasso Sea makes it out to be a haven for all lost ships. There the derelicts of the ocean accumulate and are gradually covered by a network of marine growths, and horrible monsters drag themselves through the wreckage. On the outer fringe one would find derelicts which have only recently drifted into their last port, while on penetrating the mass, one would eventually come upon high-masted

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What is Art?

BY way of preface, allow me to remind my readers that it is the nature of mankind that it pretends either to worship, or despise, what it really fears, and to understand, or be indifferent to, what is really beyond its comprehension. All men are in fact liars and the only difference between individuals is the quality and extent of the lies. The difference between men and supermen is that while ordinary men called the particular lies which suit them, 'truth', supermen use the term only relatively. I have always been truly sorry for two kinds of fools, those who talk about "Art for Art's Sake" and those who talk about "Art for Life's Sake".

all ordinary men thought the end was gained and subsided thereafter into quibbles and endless elaborations like the fifteenth century schoolmen: naturally they very soon forgot the real truth, since it is written that motion is inevitable and nothing may stand still. The supermen instinctively kept in motion in the old direction and thenceforward the races drew apart.

Now, what is art? An earlier point of departure in the rise of the human race was when some animals began to think about all the little work-a-day details which they performed in the course of their existence. It was inevitable that they very shortly began to talk about them. Then came some

PRAYER

I would take words
as strong as a jack pine;

as white as our snow;

as clear and as cold

as our ice;

as our birds

in our sunshine,

bold:

sweet as the winds that blow

in the spring to entice

our young lovers again

to the sun and the rain:

and I would make a song,—

one song only,

O God,

only one!—

to catch and keep for ever

the subtle, sweet, strong;

beautiful, lonely,

earth-shod

spirit of this land of river

and mountain and prairie and sun.

—A. J. M. S.

And where we find the cause of these follies, there also do we find the answer to the question which is my title. There was a time when it became necessary to invent a word signifying 'Art'; it was part of the effort to understand Art. As I have said truth is purely subjective and the most interesting thing to do with it when you find it is to talk about it, since talking, being that form of activity whereby one human being improves his ideas by gaining from others, should always precede action, and is therefore the highest form of action. Therefore to invent a word for "Art" is to facilitate talking about it—to aid the individual to formulate his truth of it.

And this is most important as a form of Natural Selection. When it was achieved, the superman appeared:

clever fellows who compared different kinds of action and saw similarities underlying them. If the first animal to think about what he did was Adam, then this other man was Noah, for all the rest were swallowed up in the flood of thinking and getting nowhere. Eventually some other genius saw that there was something common to everything—a 'doing' which is at the same time a 'being'—that is, 'Art'.

Now, if I spit out of the window there is a 'doing' in it, a 'spitting out of the window' in fact; there is also a 'being' in it, a 'being' a spitter out of the window'. You may think spitting out of the window is not an art, but it is; it may be done well or badly, beautifully or unbeautifully, and as one develops the practice, one learns

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Sane Censorship

J. A. Taylor

THERE are few things of more general interest than the discussion at present raging in the press and elsewhere, on theatrical censorship. Nearly every one conveniently situated attends more or less regularly the playhouse, the vaudeville house, or the movie house. There is no other means of entertainment so universal in its appeal, no instrument so effective for the spreading of ideas, moral or immoral according as they strike the audience.

The natures of these entertainments, however, are as varied as those of the individuals that patronize them. This is a broad expression of the principle that the producers endeavour to supply a demand which rests with the theatre-going public, and for the fulfilment of which they are willing to pay. One cannot but shrink from the thought that producers in general are mere inventors of money making machines, yet it is quite plain that even the most artistic of producers is dependent on box office receipts, and must temper his art to the heat of the playgoers' enthusiasm.

The censorship discussion rages almost exclusively around the legitimate drama which has been recognized as needing most the moral chastening, particularly as it caters to the more artistic, intellectual and wealthy, and therefore the more lascivious, pernicious and idle section of the community. It is recognized more and more by the critics that these are the real moral culprits, and not the honest toiler spending a quiet evening at the local Burlesque show. It is they that have brought the drama to such a pass that one blushes to take one's youngest daughter or sister to enjoy it. Goethe showed this some years ago. "What business have our young girls at the theatre? They do not belong to it, they belong to the convent, and the theatre is only for men and women who know something of human affairs. When Moliere wrote girls were in the convent and he was not forced to think about them, but now we cannot get rid of these young girls, and pieces which are weak and therefore proper will continue to be produced. Be wise and stay away as I do." Here we have an example par excellence of the intellectual type of depravity referred to. How could Goethe imagine that plain facts, the undistorted mirror of life, could be presented in all their immoral nakedness. While shocking to the convent maiden how could they be faced by the grown up man or woman. Nowadays we feel that all are on the same level with the convent maiden—all equally innocent.

It appears then, that in speaking of the censorship of the theatre we are hitting wide of the mark. Let us consider the cause and not the effect. Since the drama has immoral tendencies, and needs to be purged of them, we must strike at their source and consider ways and means of compelling the public that patronizes that sort of thing to tread the straight and narrow path of virtue. Censor the public and the drama will censor itself. The ideal way to do this is to legislate. The degree of censorship, the moral standard involved and the men chosen, are in the end all decided on and vouched for by the public. Unfortunately, however, the stand-

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"Valedictorial"

WITH the present issue the first volume of the Literary Supplement comes to a close, and its editors turn their pens to the less congenial task of copying lecture notes. Before doing so, however, it would not be out of place to take a glance backward, and to reiterate a few of the principles stated in our first number which have guided our policy throughout the year.

Although we have not presumed to be didactic, and have come forward with no optimistic and inspiring message, nor boasted that anyone would rise a better man for reading what we have written, we have endeavoured to provide a medium through which students have been able to voice their literary aspirations and personal opinions. Student points of view of a widely divergent character have appeared in our columns, and there has been no attempt to restrict contributors by the imposition of a creed or definite dogma. We have offered a place where those who desired to do so have been able to write freely on questions of taste, however unorthodox their opinions may have been. Nevertheless orthodoxy has also been permitted whenever it was cleverly done. It seems to be true, though perhaps unfortunate, that the students with the more ordinary, and perhaps safer and saner ideas, have been unable to clothe them in any distinctive (rarely even in any presentable) garb, with the lamentable result that they have had to give place to men of radical views or of no views at all, but who can write entertainingly. Art for Art's sake is at least better than Art for God's sake when by God is meant all the staid and steady conservatism of Things as They Are.

Literature and life, are too fine and beautiful to be treated with academic heaviness or professorial gravity, and we have never desired our reflections upon them to be regarded as having the weight and authority of the library and the lecture hall.

We have enjoyed editing the supplement and will relinquish the task with not a little regret. We now know for a fact what we long had held as a conjecture, namely that there is a large number of students at McGill interested in literary and artistic affairs, and have been glad to furnish a means whereby they have been able to express their views.

No one is more conscious of shortcomings than are we ourselves. The supplement has been an experiment, and we have had to proceed by the trial-and-failure method, sometimes achieving a success, sometimes a failure. It is a beginning rather than an accomplishment, a move in the direction towards a goal which is still a long way off. It remains for those who next year are responsible for its continuation to approach the success towards which we have so far only been groping.

Song

O when the airs of April
Are blowing over the hill
Waking an old desire
And a laggard will,
Love, we shall rise early,
And like snow on a stone
To the warm sun of springtime
Be gone, and be gone.

—Max.

A Plan for Imperial Union

PERHAPS the most remarkable political institution of our day is the British Empire. There are many who find it difficult to comprehend the hitherto great enduring quality of this body but to those who are acquainted with the history of the last three centuries the phenomenon admits of a most facile explanation. Great Britain became in the sixteenth century a mighty maritime power, and in the seventeenth she became a great colonizing power, while in the eighteenth and nineteenth cycles of our era she developed into a remarkable commercial power. As a colonizing agency Great Britain sent out thousands of settlers into distant lands; these countries remained British on account of sentimental ties and a willingness of the Mother country to exchange manufactured articles for their raw products. As a powerful commercial unit Great Britain sent out branches of large business firms, such as the British East India Company, into old but backward countries. In order to modernize some of these countries one made them part of the British Empire. In one of his recent plays Bernard Shaw makes an actor speak of the inalienable right of England to rule over subject peoples for their own good; Shaw was probably in a jesting mood when he wrote this, but, in spite of his lack of sincerity, the remark explains the Britishization of some large parts of the Empire.

As time flew by, eventually reaching our own section of eternity, great changes took place in the British Empire. In those places where we found subject peoples annexed politically as well as commercially for their own good we have seen the growth of nationalism. In such places as were settled by the surplus population of Great Britain we have seen the growth of manufacturing business with a consequent shutting-out of British trade. In both types of colony, then, strong bonds of empire have been broken—those colonies which received commercial benefits followed by political benefits have lost most of their imperial sentiment and replaced it with non-cooperation and antagonism; those colonies which were British politically first and then economically no longer have the economic bonds.

Crown colonies will always be British in point of fact, as long as there is the natural commercial union that now subsists. But the case of the self-governing colonies might be different. They now rotate about the imperial hub owing mostly to the sentimental nexus. To face the facts bravely, as far as these colonial powers are concerned, the perpetual character of the British Empire is endangered. With a weak sentimental force holding to the mother-country a group of grown-up daughters, there is a constant danger that something unusual might come along and waf them clean away from the family circle. What possible means is there of securing the purely ideal apron-strings of the maturing daughters? Now, as a matter of fact, the explanation is decidedly simple.

It has at last dawned upon a few thoughtful colonial imperialists that there is a very successful method of increasing the chances for an everlasting empire-union. This method will be given more and more voice to in days to come, but it has already been hinted at and now needs merely a simple and concise exposition. It is a pretty generally known fact that the real centre of the Empire is Scotland. Now, if some old and well established

custom of this, our ancestral home, could be transplanted to the colonies, their connection with Scotland would be inestimably strengthened. Rumour will have it that certain towns in the north of Scotland have big elections, in which each place chooses some famed politician in the Lowlands or some other part of the United Kingdom. Generally these elections are very rough and mighty clansmen have been known in the past to break one another's heads, for the candidates are usually of opposing parties and, as all the world knows, the Scotsman is first and last a politician. The person who gets the majority vote in one of these Highland towns is supposed to visit the place once in his lifetime and deliver an address in the public square. When this politician, or Thighearna Mhaighstir Teagaisg as he is dubbed after his election, dies, another casting of votes is held and another is asked to fill his place.

The only problem for the self-governing colonies is now to have some philanthropic persons of national renown offer to take charge of the details of introducing the custom described in the preceding paragraph into such colonies. When this is done, it will be seen that a great spontaneous longing for the said custom will emerge from the plasticity of the present hopelessness.

To demonstrate the hypothesis of this article by a concrete example, let us take a self-governing colony like Canada. (It must be remembered that the chief points of recommendation about the Scotch custom are its antiquity and its efficacy as a cement between the rebels of 1745 and the Empire. The advantages about its transplantation into Canada would be its freshness and originality, its function as re-enforcing agent of imperial ties, and its "beau geste imperial.") In practice, the plan would include mass elections in centres of population like Montreal, Toronto, and Esquimaux. Each of these and other places would elect a great public character who would come, if he should find the time, once before his death and read a speech before the assembled electors. In order that the institution may be kept purely imperial it would be necessary to have a proviso that nobody outside the Empire stand as a candidate for the position and that no Canadian be allowed to stand.

It must be said in conclusion that the transplantation plan is not entirely original; it is partly founded on the idea of a Governor-General, but it is felt by a good many citizens of repute that the Governor-General's office is insufficient and that his business of imperial representation in the incorporated towns might be supplemented by that of the Thighearna Mhaighstir Teagaisg. As a final word of caution, it would be advisable for readers to avoid taking the preceding suggestions in a light vein or attempting to lampoon them. It would be no exaggeration to consider any persons not disposed to weigh the matter with the greatest care and seriousness, before it is brought before the public for the final decision regarding its adoption, as downright scoundrels.

—Alexander

Werrenrath and the Elgar Choir

LOCAL Musicians have long cherished an ambition to vaunt a great choral organization, a choir which will vie with the Mendelssohn Choir of Toronto. As yet we have nothing that measures up to the standard of our Toronto neighbours but we have a few excellent choir-masters, and Mr. Berkley Chadwick ranks high among them.

The concert of the Montreal Elgar Choir on March 5th at the St. Denis Theatre showed the results of enthusiastic and concentrated effort on the part of all participants, showing what can be done with ordinary talent, just by dint of conscientious endeavour.

The "Sanctus" from Bach's Mass in B-Minor is a glorious episode from an inspired work—"the rolling of tumultuous harmonies through the infinite spaces of Heaven," to quote Sir Hubert Parry. The male and female voices were well balanced, although at times the effect seemed cloudy and muffled—probably due to fatigue. The Mass is fugue in form—a Handelian fugue, curiously enough.

Part songs for female and male voices were next given separately, displaying Mr. Chadwick's thoroughness in blending tenors and basses without the usual bellowing, and (thank God), the women did not squeal. No; there was nothing harsh nor dissonant, and the enunciation was particularly laudable. The women sang some "Lieder" by Brahms, and the men gave selections from Elgar's "Greek Anthology"—chaste and delicate bits of four-part composition.

The "Banner of St. George"—a formidable cantata by Sir Edward Elgar, is one of the most solid works ever written by an Englishman. The harmonies are novel and well suited to the intensely dramatic verse. The basses were outstandingly reliable in providing a powerful background for the female voices, and also in the passages where they sang alone.

Mr. Reinold Werrenrath is really a great artist. His German and Danish songs were delightful—revealing perfect control and restraint over a voice that is adequate but not particularly remarkable. He is a perfect lieder singer—declaims his lines faultlessly with warmth and fervour. Heine's poems "Du bist die Ruh" and "Der Boppelgänger," set to music by Schubert, were given first. Then "Irmelin Rose," by Carl Nielsen, was admirably presented in the quaint Danish dialect. A Flemish folksong by Lange Muller followed, receiving so much applause that the artist came back and sang "Drink To Me Only With Thine Eyes."

Up to this point, Mr. Werrenrath was splendid, but he now began to sing little tid-bits that are of no musical importance, consequently cheapening the impression made by his serious work. A singing teacher of this city, who is as temperamental as he is prominent, was seated behind me, and was heard to mumble, just about at this point, "Muck, Muck, Muck." Werrenrath made the fatal mistake of singing "Mandalay" and "Danny Deever" in a nasal cockney dialect, which detracted considerably from his undeniable histrionic ability. Nevertheless, he pleased his audience, and after all, is "fundamentally a very sound fellow," as Comrade Bydwell hath it.

Bach's Concerto in D-Minor for two violins was skilfully given by Miss Florence Hood and Mary Izard, the latter having a more delicate and polished tone than the former.

—Lawrence Hart.

Good Acting By Orpheum Stock Players

ON Monday night the English Stock Company opened their season at the Orpheum Theatre with a spirited playing of Lechmere Worrall's three act comedy "Ann". In the advance notices there had been mention of "Candida" and plays by St. John Ervine, Arnold Bennett, and A. A. Milne, so that "Ann" came as rather a shock. I found myself sympathizing with the critics in "Fanny's First Play." After all it was difficult to criticize a play when one didn't know who had written it. And I didn't know who Lechmere Worrall was—I don't know yet, but if he is to be judged on the merits of his play "Ann" I don't think he is much. Not that there is anything objectionable in "Ann"! Far from it; there is a respectable explanation for every misunderstanding so that "Ann" seems a poor copy of a French comedy in which all the amusing French daring and wit has been omitted. If they had opened their season with "Candida," "Jane Clegg," "Mr. Pym Passes By," or the

"Sitting Pretty" Should Prove Attractive to Tired Students

THE label Bolton - Wodehouse - Kern on a musical comedy is usually indicative of a consistently clever "book" witty lyrics and something out of the ordinary in the way of music. Their latest effort, "Sitting Pretty," is no exception, and it has the advantage of being interpreted by a first rate cast.

The story is adapted from one of P. G. Wodehouse's more recent stories, "Bill the Conqueror," and deals in a negligent and light-hearted manner with the adventures of the boy Horace and his Uncle Joe, two gentlemen adventurers moving for a time in the ranks of the elite. Horace has been adopted by the wealthy but childless Mr. Pennington, who proposes to adopt one of the Dolly sisters as a eugenically suitable mate who will co-operate with Horace to perpetuate the Pennington coat of arms. Uncle Joe, a graduate of Sing Sing '99, comes along as Horace's tutor.

The Dolly Sisters are pleasing dancers, and though they can't sing, they

Song of May and Virtue

(From the French of Clement Marot, 1496-1544)

ALL joyous in the month of May
The earth awakes, and blooms anew:
Bold lovers imitate her way
And take fresh loves and ladies too;
In fickle-mindedness, or through
Desire to add to love's sweet store:
I make not love as these ones do,
My love will last for evermore.

There is no lady fair and gay
Whose beauty doth not fade from view:
Care, age and illness bring decay
On that which once most beautiful grew:
But nought can soil the being who
Shall be my light till life is o'er,
And as her beauty is thus true
My love will last for evermore.

For she of whom I sing this lay
Is Virtue, Nymph eternal, who
Invites to share her perfect day
All men whom grace and truth imbue.
"Come, lovers, come (so she doth sue),
"Come ye to me, and roam no more;
"Come, (calls the gentle maid anew)
"My love will last for evermore".

Envoy.

Prince, seek a heavenly maid to woo,
And her and good report adore;
Then shalt thou sing, as is most due,
"My love will last for evermore".

F. R. Scott.

"Silver Box" they would have made a much better impression and drawn a steadier and certainly not a smaller audience than they did with their "Ann" last night.

had opened their season with "Candida," "Jane Clegg," "Mr. Pym Passes By," or the "Silver Box" they would have made a much better impression and drawn a steadier and certainly not a smaller audience than they did with their "Ann" last night.

For there is no reason why they should not put on fairly intelligent plays. From the six who played in "Ann" it would seem that the acting will be excellent for stock. There were few faults to be found in the acting. Miss Eleanor Hutchison and Miss Jane Savile were both adequate, and the three male roles were splendid. Mr. Lawrence Sterner made the Dean of Milchester an unctuous figure, perfect in the smallest detail and he drew all the humour there was out of the part.

Mr. Murray Kinnell did as well as he could be expected to with the leading part which was an impossible job. Mr. Harry Green possesses an

are pretty in a bovine sort of way. Frank McIntyre, as the corpulent uncle anxious that his little nephew shall make good in his chosen profession as a burglar and bring credit on his family, was responsible for most of the best comedy work. He is a genuine comedian, able to get the utmost from every line and situation. His singing, with Fred Santley, who was excellent as Horace, of "Dear Old Fashioned Prison of Mine," was a thing of joy. Paul Frawley, as Bill, was an ideal leading man, young, handsome and possessed of a fine stage presence, he had comic talent, and a clear, strong voice.

attractive stage presence and a spontaneous way of delivering his lines and had a less impossible part in "Ann" than the others. This new troupe seems to be composed of attractive and capable actors and actresses. The only change I would suggest is a change of plays, but perhaps during the coming weeks we may see an improvement in the choice of plays. I hope so.

W. T.

Motley by O. K. A Friendly Conversation in Limerick.

I—The Critic to the Author.
Sir,—
Of Writing you haven't a notion,
Although it commands your devotion,
You ought to be bound
To a Merry-Go-Round
Which proceeds by Perpetual Motion.
II—The Author to the Critic.
Sir,—
Your judgment is most autocratic,
Your critical brain is erratic,
You ought to be shut
In a Hottentot's hut,
Or spend all your days in an attic.

Alas, Poor Censor

I should like to shed a passing tear for the poor Censor. Few people have realized what a sacrifice he is making for us. Day after day he wallows in the mud in order that we may remain pure and unguilted. Week after week he grovels in the dust so that our souls may be saved. In the process he runs the risk of forfeiting his own salvation, a victim to the very slings and arrows from which he has tried to shield a weak and innocent public.

Something must be done. We, the Public, must refuse to accept such a sacrifice. Let us at least appoint a Board of Super-Censors to pass upon what the Censors may see with impunity. If necessary, let us appoint another Board of Hyper-Super-Censors to safeguard the moral interests of the first Board. And so on ad nauseam. If this is not practical, we might restrict the activities of a single Censor to a single play or a single book. Then he shall be considered to have discharged his obligations to the State, and for the rest of his life he shall have the "exquisite felicity" of having his reading censored for him at no further cost to himself, moral or otherwise. In that way no one is sacrificed on the altar of our interests. Perhaps, too, the time will come (happy thought!) when some of us may be called upon for our little contribution, and when we may be permitted to view at least one play before it has passed through the purifying fires.

On further consideration, however, I refuse to shed the passing tear. I don't care what becomes of the Censor. He deserves all he gets.

FIFTH PHILOSOPHER'S SONG

A MILLION million spermatozoa,
All of them alive;
Out of their cataclysm but one poor
Noah

Dare hope to survive.

Among that billion minus one
Might have chanced to be
Shakespeare, another Newton, a new
Donne—

But the One was Me.

Shame to have ousted your betters
thus,

Taking ark while the others re-
mained outside!

Better for all of us, froward Homun-
culus.

If you'd quietly died!

—Aldous Huxley

The music is bright and catchy, and in Jerome Kern's best manner. Though there is nothing perhaps, in "Sitting Pretty" as good as the "Siren Song," "Babes in the Wood" or "Ka-Lu-a," the score is certainly much above that of the average comedy, and we shall be dancing soon to such clever syn-
copation as "Shuffin' Sam," "A Year from Today" "Worries." "There isn't one Girl" and others. A Vincent Lopez orchestra does more than justice to the music. Mention must be made of the clever lyrics of P. G. Wodehouse "Bongo on the Congo" being a special example of the laughably absurd type of English humor at its best.

—A. J. M. S.

Concerning the Hero and Marriage

by Jack Spector

CURIOUS it is to remark how we feel for the hero while, rashly determined, he flies in the face of kindred, philosophic counsel and even common sense. None, save us, can understand his great passion. What boots it to debate with an irate father the wisdom of being in love, or to argue the magnitude of affection with a calculating guardian. Love transcends everything. The flight of a youthful soul, soaring in the untrammelled sphere of passion, is a thing of a different order from the earthly bonds. Spring-born passion is constantly visiting his ears, and entry to all admonition. On the wave of a magnificent unconcern for terrestrial things we pursue with him the flammiferous ideal. Each new gush of adoration, each new stab of ardour moves us deeply. Always has bravery in love been the esteemed recipient of our reverence. To one possessed of the great desire our most tender sympathies have ever gone out superabundantly. But for the hero in love, boldly struggling against the perversities of parental frown and material consideration, our quickest enthusiasm knows no limitation. We are grown wondrous kind and inwardly supplicate the heavens that they show themselves propitious to the great lover. Whatever the price, he must marry the dear girl. For is he not a deserving and a noble youth!

Then after the perusal of several entertainingly exciting chapters we rejoice to learn that things are turning out very well indeed. The parent is balked, the spies are foiled. The dissenters eluded or overcome and all is ready for the crowning and lawful juncture. They get married—she young, pretty, blushing; he flushed, manly, heroic. They get married and the chapter ends in the summum bonum of matrimonial bliss.

Abruptly our feelings for the hero change, perhaps due to no other reason than that the story is only half-way through. Why couldn't he wait until the end of the book; then marry the girl and live happy ever after? We are loth to continue the chronicle of post-nuptial life, to trace with painful exactitude the billowy course of two untired creatures. Domestic tribulation looms in the distance. The shoals of incompatibility draw dangerously near. On yonder island Circe holds court and bethinks herself of some new ensorcelment wherewith to entrance the unskilled mariner. Some villainous Lord Steyne aboard a many-masted pirate schooner chuckles raucously close by at the thought of capturing the unsuspecting mariner's companion. Yea, "and life is thorny; and youth is vain." Why the needless haste? After all had he waited at least until he graduated, he should have been better prepared to assume such awful responsibilities. His judgment would have been more mature. To antagonize relatives is not exactly wise, worse than all, there was an absolute lack of discretion in the whole affair. It is our superior point of view now which assures us that the recklessness, the grandiose heedlessness we admired but a few chapters back, will breed discord. Our sympathy gathers itself up and poising its nose in the air takes flustered leave. In proportion to our reading we conclude that this getting married so soon was not exactly the right thing to do. And the quondam object of our enthusiasm, vibrant hope and supplication evokes from us no gentler name than The Poor Fool!

What is Art?

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more and more about it and understands that it can never be done perfectly, but that improvement in the art may go on for ever. And all 'doings' are arts, and the artist may be known by the way in which he 'does'.

On the foregoing hang all the law and the prophets. All 'doing' is art and all art is different: also all men are different: therefore there are particular arts or groups of arts which are best suited to particular individuals. It may be said that some arts are greater than others: just so some men: the art may be judged by the men interested in it and likewise the man may be judged by the arts he pursues: the final verdict must be made by the judge according to that particular system of falsehood which he conceives to be truth. Nobody can finally decide for anyone but himself as to whether painting is a higher art than spitting out of the window, though of course no trouble arises on that score since we all have our prejudices. The genius may usually be explained as a superman whose taste in arts differs widely from the average. Our Bernard Shaw, for instance, says that no man is any use if he has not a well-developed vein of vulgarity. One may infer that Bernard Shaw places vulgarity high among the arts. I am inclined to agree with him, and in my not at all humble opinion, rank impertinence high among the arts, but those third-rate persons who rise to the top of our present society and are therefore more usually recipients than practitioners of impertinence, would differ.

Religion is an art—the art of Compromise, which is to say the art of recognising what you don't understand and guessing at the result it will have on what you do understand, and modifying your action accordingly. This art is progressive of course, since to the end of one's days one goes on finding out more and more about what one does not understand. Morality is another art; simply defined it is really the art of how to behave toward other people. Love, too, when simplified, is the art of perpetuating oneself.

All this sounds very straightforward, but it isn't. It is inconceivably complicated. The thing works like a sort of feudal system; one art depends on another: they are interwoven: they overlap. There is no top nor bottom: it is all middle. We may observe one thing, however, the inter-relationship is, in ideal, perfectly harmonious. It is true that the sheer limits of time may cause one art's practice to encroach upon that of another but what is never true is that qualitatively the development of one art will harm that of another. From misconceptions on this point arise such idiocies as that vulgarity is indecent. On the contrary, the art of decency and the art of vulgarity are entirely compatible. Thus nobody need fear that progress in one art will militate against progress in another.

This leads directly to the climax of art, the art of living, which is the art of combining all the other arts. This, just as much as any other art, is highly individual, consisting of combining and balancing the other arts in accordance with personality. And what is the object of this system of arts? Thank Heaven, it has none. That is why, since I always pity weakness, I must extend my condolences to those who talk about "Art for Art's Sake" and "Art for Life's Sake". These unfortunate persons fall miserably in the art of honesty. The object does not lie in the art but in the artist, and there can be no question about the nature of the object: it is expression, the business of what Bernard Shaw, if I may drag him in again, calls the "Life Force", whose instrument is the creative impulse. Of course that is in the highest degree

egotistical, as those who are successful in the art of honesty will admit: in general the failures in that art are all either "Art's Sakers" or "Life's Sakers". The former, being mealy-mouthed in their failure, seek to efface themselves, since a dead pride is not so troublesome as a wounded one, and assert that they themselves matter not at all, but the result of them—which is of the nature of decadence. The latter, whose pride remains vigorous, seeks refuge in consummate hypocrisy and announce that egotism is evil. (I must say I admire the brazen impertinence of it. At any rate they preserve their courage.) The reason is of course that they have failed in so many arts that they dare no longer admit that that which instinct tells them prompted all, is their own selves: they see their own selves as failures: boldly they take the bull by the horns and discover that self is evil—et voila—Puritans. They have arrived at the ridiculous position of saying that the object of Art is Life. That is to say they work not for themselves, because they can't help it, but for the sake of some intangible thing called Life.

Now what is this Life. It is no good giving the word a sane definition here, for we are dealing with insanity. The rank and file of Puritans don't know what they mean by "Life" at all: they heard someone else use the word, and since they were seeking a refuge and were not quite able to descend to the level of the Art's Sakers, they adopted the idea. But the ringleaders will be able to show some fight on the point. If one can give 'Life' any meaning beyond 'Existence', I suppose it means the whole business of living, which I have called the "Art of Living". This resolves "Art for Life's Sake" into "Art for Art's Sake", but this is unjust to the Life's Sakers and is not what they mean. The change in the word is a mistake from their point of view: what they really mean is "Art for Morality's Sake". That sounds silly, I know, but there isn't a shadow of doubt that it is what they mean. It suggests that all Art should be subordinated to the one "Art of Morality". But their idea of morality is all crooked too. Having failed so badly in this art, they have developed an inferiority complex to others: they shift the responsibility for their failure from their own particular selves to self in general. Both naughty and silly! Inevitably, since the error is in the Art of Morality, they set to work to propagate it and corrupt the minds of the weak, who very often become true believers in this notorious false doctrine. Being highly seductive by its shifting of moral responsibility, it is soon trumpeted aloud in the market place and something far worse than the abuse of the Roman Catholic Confessional begins, since it cannot be seen and grasped. This unfortunate generation, like those of the times of the fall of the Roman Empire, has an enlarged consciousness of Morality, and millions of fools are brought to failure in an art, with which they should only vaguely be acquainted. If the Life's Sakers would only shut up, the trouble would vanish: they haven't the sense to see that they defeat their own ends—unless they are all hypocrites like the originators of the doctrine.

Those who wish to set their minds in order should let loose the floods of their own egotism and selfishness for a time: nature will shortly effect a balance. Then they may forget all about morality for a period of at least five years and live as the spirit moves them. After that they will be restored to sanity and can safely tamper again with morals but should always remember that this is where their weakness lies.

VESPASIANO.

Sane Censorship

(Continued from page one)

ards of dramatic moral, and aesthetic values vary from individual to individual, from place to place, and even from hour to hour. It isn't a known quantity like alcohol and it is possible that legislative action, so effective in the one case, would turn out to be a dismal failure in the other. Yet perhaps this very difficulty will enable us to reduce the censorship problem to simplicity. Whenever at the theatre one has only to dig up a Socratic demon from the depths of one's being; something after the nature of the three virtuous monkeys—see no evil, hear no evil, speak no evil. With a properly disciplined demon the most tender would be immune. Columns of instruction for rearing him could be run in the newspaper syndicates.

Mr. Henry Arthur Jones helps us to understand how the drama of the insidious intellectual lowers the moral tone of the theatre. "The drama should amuse and interest the populace but on an intellectual level, and although therefore the drama will always be inseparable and intertwined with Popular Amusement, (the capitals are mine—Arthur.) yet it is something distinct from Popular Amusement and in its higher reaches will always be opposed to it." Knowing Popular Amusement as we do we realize at once the depravity of the drama, and the immediate need of a censor.

"Connected with this opposition is the eternal enmity between the theatre and the drama;—that in those communities and in those countries where the theatre has the upper hand, the drama will be secondary and degraded; where the theatre flourishes on its own account the drama will decay, but that where the drama is most honoured and loved the art of acting will be given its greatest opportunities and the best type of actor and highest quality of acting will be appreciated."

It is then not Popular Amusement, such as Vaudeville or Burlesque shows, Midnight Frolics or Follies, that strike at public morals but the drama of Shakespeare, Moliere, Ibsen, and Shaw; and the art of Booth, Irving and Tree.

The Sea of Lost Ships

(Continued from page one)

Phoenician galleys, laden with treasure.

Surely the legend is more appealing than the actual facts, and the motion picture entitled "The Isle of Lost Ships" than the scientific report on the Sargasso Sea.

At the present time a new expedition is about to set out for the Sargasso Sea, prepared to face all dangers, however legendary, and to investigate the region thoroughly. Special underwater platforms have been constructed from which the marine life can be studied, and small boats of an unusual strength are ready to dare all dangers of the strange region. Thus, if a self-confident octopus should happen to climb aboard the ship, he will get a much warmer reception than he ever bargained for. For the sea of lost ships is being thoroughly conquered.



Literary Supplement



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The Sea of
Lost Ships

L. C. Copeland

MORE than the usual interest centres in that part of the ocean which is known as the Sargasso Sea, since the tales that have been woven around it are romantic in the extreme.

It was in the far-off days of the Phoenicians that first mention of the strange, weedy area of the Atlantic appears. The Phoenician traders let it be noised abroad that any ship which ventured beyond the pillars of Hercules was liable to become enmeshed in a tangled mass of oceanic vegetation; and they further intimated that across this unexplored region the winds of heaven seldom blew, so that a vessel having once become entangled would have no hope of returning home. It need hardly be urged at this point that in all this the hardy Phoenicians were consulting their own interests, and did not hesitate to depart from the strict truth for the purpose of frightening prospective trading rivals. They themselves had travelled widely, and probably knew a good deal about the unknown world that they did not write down.

From these times until the days of Christopher Columbus nothing seems to have been done to break the hoodoo of the Atlantic. Mariners sailed a certain distance, and then turned back, fearing that would arrive at the edge of the earth, and drop off. But in 1492, Columbus set out with his three small barks, and pushed forward slowly for many days; then he records in his journal that he came upon a great amount of weed, that extended as far as the eye could see. This reassured his seamen, who felt that they must be nearing land, although some were afraid to proceed lest the vessels strike hidden rocks. But when the same marine conditions continued for over a week, with comparatively little wind, all became anxious, and only careful management on the part of the commander prevented mutiny.

Since the time of Columbus, many references have been made to the Sargasso Sea, and many legends have been associated with it. It is really nothing more nor less than a huge whirlpool, caused by two great eddies—the Equatorial Current and the Gulf Stream. The weed which collects there is torn from the shores of the numerous islands in the Caribbean Sea, and also—it is thought—from the coast of South America. Recent scientific expeditions have discovered that the weed never collects very densely, although it is sometimes seen covering as much as an acre of the sea, and ships as they pass through it appear to be ploughing through a meadow.

To return to the modern legends, which are really the most interesting, and are found both in novels and in motion picture plays. The legendary description of the Sargasso Sea makes it out to be a haven for all lost ships. There the derelicts of the ocean accumulate and are gradually covered by a network of marine growths, and horrible monsters drag themselves through the wreckage. On the outer fringe one would find derelicts which have only recently drifted into their last port, while on penetrating the mass, one would eventually come upon high-masted

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What is Art?

BY way of preface, allow me to remind my readers that it is the nature of mankind that it pretends either to worship, or despise, what it really fears, and to understand, or be indifferent to, what is really beyond its comprehension. All men are in fact liars and the only difference between individuals is the quality and extent of the lies. The difference between men and supermen is that while ordinary men called the particular lies which suit them, 'truth', supermen use the term only relatively.

I have always been truly sorry for two kinds of fools, those who talk about "Art for Art's Sake" and those who talk about "Art for Life's Sake".

all ordinary men thought the end was gained and subsided thereafter into quibbles and endless elaborations like the fifteenth century schoolmen: naturally they very soon forgot the real truth, since it is written that motion is inevitable and nothing may stand still. The supermen instinctively kept in motion in the old direction and thenceforward the races drew apart.

Now, what is art? An earlier point of departure in the rise of the human race was when some animals began to think about all the little work-a-day details which they performed in the course of their existence. It was inevitable that they very shortly began to talk about them. Then came some

PRAYER

I would take words
as strong as a jack pine;

as white as our snow;

as clear and as cold

as our ice;

as our birds

in our sunshine,

bold:

sweet as the winds that blow

in the spring to entice

our young lovers again

to the sun and the rain:

and I would make a song,—

one song only,

O God,

only one!—

to catch and keep for ever

the subtle, sweet, strong;

beautiful, lonely,

earth-shod

spirit of this land of river

and mountain and prairie and sun.

—A. J. M. S.

And where we find the cause of these follies, there also do we find the answer to the question which is my title. There was a time when it became necessary to invent a word signifying 'Art'; it was part of the effort to understand Art. As I have said truth is purely subjective and the most interesting thing to do with it when you find it is to talk about it, since talking, being that form of activity whereby one human being improves his ideas by gaining from others, should always precede action, and is therefore the highest form of action. Therefore to invent a word for "Art" is to facilitate talking about it—to aid the individual to formulate his truth of it.

And this is most important as a form of Natural Selection. When it was achieved, the superman appeared:

clever fellows who compared different kinds of action and saw similarities underlying them. If the first animal to think about what he did was Adam, then this other man was Noah, for all the rest were swallowed up in the flood of thinking and getting nowhere. Eventually come other genius saw that there was something common to everything—a 'doing' which is at the same time a 'being'—that is, 'Art'.

Now, if I spit out of the window there is a 'doing' in it, a 'spitting out of the window' in fact: there is also a 'being' in it, a 'being' a spitter out of the window'. You may think spitting out of the window is not an art, but it is; it may be done well or badly, beautifully or unbeautifully, and as one develops the practice, one learns

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Sane Censorship

J. A. Taylor

THERE are few things of more general interest than the discussion at present raging in the press and elsewhere, on theatrical censorship. Nearly every one conveniently situated attends more or less regularly the playhouse, the vaudeville house, or the movie house. There is no other means of entertainment so universal in its appeal, no instrument so effective for the spreading of ideas, moral or immoral according as they strike the audience.

The natures of these entertainments, however, are as varied as those of the individuals that patronize them. This is a broad expression of the principle that the producers endeavour to supply a demand which rests with the theatre-going public, and for the fulfilment of which they are willing to pay. One cannot but shrink from the thought that producers in general are mere inventors of money making machines, yet it is quite plain that even the most artistic of producers is dependent on box office receipts, and must temper his art to the heat of the playgoers' enthusiasm.

The censorship discussion rages almost exclusively around the legitimate drama which has been recognized as needing most the moral chastening, particularly as it caters to the more artistic, intellectual and wealthy, and therefore the more lascivious, pernicious and idle section of the community. It is recognized more and more by the critics that these are the real moral culprits, and not the honest toiler spending a quiet evening at the local Burlesque show. It is they that have brought the drama to such a pass that one blushes to take one's youngest daughter or sister to enjoy it. Goethe showed this some years ago. "What business have our young girls at the theatre? They do not belong to it, they belong to the convent, and the theatre is only for men and women who know something of human affairs. When Moliere wrote girls were in the convent and he was not forced to think about them, but now we cannot get rid of these young girls, and pieces which are weak and therefore proper will continue to be produced. Be wise and stay away as I do." Here we have an example par excellence of the intellectual type of depravity referred to. How could Goethe imagine that plain facts, the undistorted mirror of life, could be presented in all their immoral nakedness. While shocking to the convent maiden how could they be faced by the grown up man or woman. Nowadays we feel that all are on the same level with the convent maiden—all equally innocent.

It appears then, that in speaking of the censorship of the theatre we are hitting wide of the mark. Let us consider the cause and not the effect. Since the drama has immoral tendencies, and needs to be purged of them, we must strike at their source and consider ways and means of compelling the public that patronizes that sort of thing to tread the straight and narrow path of virtue. Censor the public and the drama will censor itself. The ideal way to do this is to legislate. The degree of censorship, the moral standard involved and the men chosen, are in the end all decided on and vouched for by the public. Unfortunately, however, the stand-

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"Valedictorial"

WITH the present issue the first volume of the Literary Supplement comes to a close, and its editors turn their pens to the less congenial task of copying lecture notes. Before doing so, however, it would not be out of place to take a glance backward, and to reiterate a few of the principles stated in our first number which have guided our policy throughout the year.

Although we have not presumed to be didactic, and have come forward with no optimistic and inspiring message, nor boasted that anyone would rise a better man for reading what we have written, we have endeavoured to provide a medium through which students have been able to voice their literary aspirations and personal opinions. Student points of view of a widely divergent character have appeared in our columns, and there has been no attempt to restrict contributors by the imposition of a creed or definite dogma. We have offered a place where those who desired to do so have been able to write freely on questions of taste, however unorthodox their opinions may have been. Nevertheless orthodoxy has also been permitted whenever it was cleverly done. It seems to be true, though perhaps unfortunate, that the students with the more ordinary, and perhaps safer and saner ideas, have been unable to clothe them in any distinctive (rarely even in any presentable) garb, with the lamentable result that they have had to give place to men of radical views or of no views at all, but who can write entertainingly. Art for Art's sake is at least better than Art for God's sake when by God is meant all the staid and steady conservatism of Things as They Are.

Literature and life, are too fine and beautiful to be treated with academic heaviness or professorial gravity, and we have never desired our reflections upon them to be regarded as having the weight and authority of the library and the lecture hall.

We have enjoyed editing the supplement and will relinquish the task with not a little regret. We now know for a fact what we long had held as a conjecture, namely that there is a large number of students at McGill interested in literary and artistic affairs, and have been glad to furnish a means whereby they have been able to express their views.

No one is more conscious of shortcomings than are we ourselves. The supplement has been an experiment, and we have had to proceed by the trial-and-failure method, sometimes achieving a success, sometimes a failure. It is a beginning rather than an accomplishment, a move in the direction towards a goal which is still a long way off. It remains for those who next year are responsible for its continuation to approach the success towards which we have so far only been groping.

Song

O when the airs of April
Are blowing over the hill
Waking an old desire
And a laggard will,
Love, we shall rise early,
And like snow on a stone
To the warm sun of springtime
Be gone, and be gone.

—Max.

A Plan for Imperial Union

PERHAPS the most remarkable political institution of our day is the British Empire. There are many who find it difficult to comprehend the hitherto great enduring quality of this body but to those who are acquainted with the history of the last three centuries the phenomenon admits of a most facile explanation. Great Britain became in the sixteenth century a mighty maritime power, and in the seventeenth she became a great colonizing power, while in the eighteenth and nineteenth cycles of our era she developed into a remarkable commercial power. As a colonizing agency Great Britain sent out thousands of settlers into distant lands; these countries remained British on account of sentimental ties and a willingness of the Mother country to exchange manufactured articles for their raw products. As a powerful commercial unit Great Britain sent out branches of large business firms, such as the British East India Company, into old but backward countries. In order to modernize some of these countries one made them part of the British Empire. In one of his recent plays Bernard Shaw makes an actor speak of the inalienable right of England to rule over subject peoples for their own good; Shaw was probably in a jesting mood when he wrote this, but, in spite of his lack of sincerity, the remark explains the Britishization of some large parts of the Empire.

As time flew by, eventually reaching our own section of eternity, great changes took place in the British Empire. In those places where we found subject peoples annexed politically as well as commercially for their own good we have seen the growth of nationalism. In such places as were settled by the surplus population of Great Britain we have seen the growth of manufacturing business with a consequent shutting-out of British trade. In both types of colony, then, strong bonds of empire have been broken—those colonies which received commercial benefits followed by political benefits have lost most of their imperial sentiment and replaced it with non-cooperation and antagonism; those colonies which were British politically first and then economically no longer have the economic bonds.

Crown colonies will always be British in point of fact, as long as there is the natural commercial union that now subsists. But the case of the self-governing colonies might be different. They now rotate about the imperial hub owing mostly to the sentimental nexus. To face the facts bravely, as far as these colonial powers are concerned, the perpetual character of the British Empire is endangered. With a weak sentimental force holding to the mother-country a group of grown-up daughters, there is a constant danger that something unusual might come along and waf them clean away from the family circle. What possible means is there of securing the purely ideal apron-strings of the maturing daughters? Now, as a matter of fact, the explanation is decidedly simple.

It has at last dawned upon a few thoughtful colonial imperialists that there is a very successful method of increasing the chances for an everlasting empire-union. This method will be given more and more voice to in days to come, but it has already been hinted at and now needs merely a simple and concise exposition. It is a pretty generally known fact that the real centre of the Empire is Scotland. Now, if some old and well established

custom of this, our ancestral home, could be transplanted to the colonies, their connection with Scotland would be inestimably strengthened. Rumour will have it that certain towns in the north of Scotland have big elections, in which each place chooses some famed politician in the Lowlands or some other part of the United Kingdom. Generally these elections are very rough and mighty clansmen have been known in the past to break one another's heads, for the candidates are usually of opposing parties and, as all the world knows, the Scotsman is first and last a politician. The person who gets the majority vote in one of these Highland towns is supposed to visit the place once in his lifetime and deliver an address in the public square. When this politician, or Thighearna Mhaighistir Teagaisg as he is dubbed after his election, dies, another casting of votes is held and another is asked to fill his place.

The only problem for the self-governing colonies is now to have some philanthropic persons of national renown offer to take charge of the details of introducing the custom described in the preceding paragraph into such colonies. When this is done, it will be seen that a great spontaneous longing for the said custom will emerge from the plasticity of the present hopelessness.

To demonstrate the hypothesis of this article by a concrete example, let us take a self-governing colony like Canada. (It must be remembered that the chief points of recommendation about the Scotch custom are its antiquity and its efficacy as a cement between the rebels of 1745 and the Empire. The advantages about its transplantation into Canada would be its freshness and originality, its function as re-enforcing agent of imperial ties, and its "beau geste imperial.") In practice, the plan would include mass elections in centres of population like Montreal, Toronto, and Esquimaux. Each of these, and other places would elect a great public character who would come, if he should find the time, once before his death and read a speech before the assembled electors. In order that the institution may be kept purely imperial it would be necessary to have a proviso that nobody outside the Empire stand as a candidate for the position and that no Canadian be allowed to stand.

It must be said in conclusion that the transplantation plan is not entirely original; it is partly founded on the idea of a Governor-General, but it is felt by a good many citizens of repute that the Governor-General's office is insufficient and that his business of imperial representation in the incorporated towns might be supplemented by that of the Thighearna Mhaighistir Teagaisg. As a final word of caution, it would be advisable for readers to avoid taking the preceding suggestions in a light vein or attempting to lampoon them. It would be no exaggeration to consider any persons not disposed to weigh the matter with the greatest care and seriousness, before it is brought before the public for the final decision regarding its adoption, as downright scoundrels.

—Alexander

Werrenrath and the Elgar Choir

LOCAL Musicians have long cherished an ambition to vaunt a great choral organization, a choir which will vie with the Mendelssohn Choir of Toronto. As yet we have nothing that measures up to the standard of our Toronto neighbours but we have a few excellent choir-masters, and Mr. Berkley Chadwick ranks high among them.

The concert of the Montreal Elgar Choir on March 5th at the St. Denis Theatre showed the results of enthusiastic and concentrated effort on the part of all participants, showing what can be done with ordinary talent, just by dint of conscientious endeavour.

The "Sanctus" from Bach's Mass in B-Minor is a glorious episode from an inspired work—"the rolling of tumultuous harmonious through the infinite spaces of Heaven," to quote Sir Hubert Parry. The male and female voices were well balanced, although at times the effect seemed cloudy and muffled—probably due to fatigue. The Mass is fugue in form—a Handelian fugue, curiously enough.

Part songs for female and male voices were next given separately, displaying Mr. Chadwick's thoroughness in blending tenors and basses without the usual bellowing, and (thank God), the women did not squeal. No; there was nothing harsh nor dissonant, and the enunciation was particularly laudable. The women sang some "Lieder" by Brahms, and the men gave selections from Elgar's "Greek Anthology"—chaste and delicate bits of four-part composition.

The "Banner of St. George"—a formidable cantata by Sir Edward Elgar, is one of the most solid works ever written by an Englishman. The harmonies are novel and well suited to the intensely dramatic verse. The basses were outstandingly reliable in providing a powerful background for the female voices, and also in the passages where they sang alone.

Mr. Reinald Werrenrath is really a great artist. His German and Danish songs were delightful—revealing perfect control and restraint over a voice that is adequate but not particularly remarkable. He is a perfect lieder singer—declaims his lines faultlessly with warmth and fervour. Heine's poems "Du bist die Ruh" and "Der Doppelgänger," set to music by Schubert, were given first. Then "Irmelin Rose," by Carl Nielsen, was admirably presented in the quaint Danish dialect. A Flemish folksong by Lange Muller followed, receiving so much applause that the artist came back and sang "Drink To Me Only With Thine Eyes."

Up to this point, Mr. Werrenrath was splendid, but he now began to sing little tid-bits that are of no musical importance, consequently cheapening the impression made by his serious work. A singing teacher of this city, who is as temperamental as he is prominent, was seated behind me, and was heard to mumble, just about at this point, "Muck, Muck, Muck." Werrenrath made the fatal mistake of singing "Mandalay" and "Danny Deever" in a nasal cockney dialect, which detracted considerably from his undeniable histrionic ability. Nevertheless, he pleased his audience, and after all, is "fundamentally a very sound fellow," as Comrade Bydwell hath it.

Bach's Concerto in D-Minor for two violins was skilfully given by Miss Florence Hood and Mary Izard, the latter having a more delicate and polished tone than the former.

—Lawrence Hart.

Good Acting By Orpheum Stock Players

ON Monday night the English Stock Company opened their season at the Orpheum Theatre with a spirited playing of Lechmere Worrall's three act comedy "Ann". In the advance notices there had been mention of "Candida" and plays by St. John Ervine, Arnold Bennett, and A. A. Milne, so that "Ann" came as rather a shock. I found myself sympathizing with the critics in "Fanny's First Play." After all it was difficult to criticize a play when one didn't know who had written it. And I didn't know who Lechmere Worrall was—I don't know yet, but if he is to be judged on the merits of his play "Ann" I don't think he is much. Not that there is anything objectionable in "Ann"! Far from it; there is a respectable explanation for every misunderstanding so that "Ann" seems a poor copy of a French comedy in which all the amusing French darning and wit has been omitted. If they had opened their season with "Candida," "Jane Clegg," "Mr. Pym Passes By," or the

"Sitting Pretty" Should Prove Attractive to Tired Students

THE label Bolton - Wodehouse - Kern on a musical comedy is usually indicative of a consistently clever "book" witty lyrics and something out of the ordinary in the way of music. Their latest effort, "Sitting Pretty," is no exception, and it has the advantage of being interpreted by a first rate cast.

The story is adapted from one of P. G. Wodehouse's more recent stories "Bill the Conqueror," and deals in a negligent and light-hearted manner with the adventures of the boy Horace and his Uncle Joe, two gentlemen adventurers moving for a time in the ranks of the elite. Horace has been adopted by the wealthy but childless Mr. Pennington, who proposes to adopt one of the Dolly sisters as a eugenically suitable mate who will co-operate with Horace to perpetuate the Pennington coat of arms. Uncle Joe, a graduate of Sing Sing '99, comes along as Horace's tutor.

The Dolly Sisters are pleasing dancers, and though they can't sing, they

Song of May and Virtue

(From the French of Clement Marot, 1496-1544)

ALL joyous in the month of May
The earth awakes, and blooms anew:
Bold lovers imitate her way
And take fresh loves and ladies too,
In fickle-mindedness, or through
Desire to add to love's sweet store:
I make not love as these ones do,
My love will last for evermore.

There is no lady fair and gay
Whose beauty doth not fade from view:
Care, age and illness bring decay
On that which once most beautiful grew:
But nought can soil the being who
Shall be my light till life is o'er,
And as her beauty is thus true
My love will last for evermore.

For she of whom I sing this lay
Is Virtue, Nymph eternal, who
Invites to share her perfect day
All men whom grace and truth imbue.
"Come, lovers, come (so she doth sue),
"Come ye to me, and roam no more;
"Come, (calls the gentle maid anew)
"My love will last for evermore".

Envoy.

Prince, seek a heavenly maid to woo,
And her and good report adore;
Then shalt thou sing, as is most due,
"My love will last for evermore".

F. R. Scott.

"Silver Box" they would have made a much better impression and drawn a steadier and certainly not a smaller audience than they did with their "Ann" last night.

had opened their season with "Candida," "Jane Clegg," "Mr. Pym Passes By," or the "Silver Box" they would have made a much better impression and drawn a steadier and certainly not a smaller audience than they did with their "Ann" last night.

For there is no reason why they should not put on fairly intelligent plays. From the six who played in "Ann" it would seem that the acting will be excellent for stock. There were few faults to be found in the acting. Miss Eleanor Hutchison and Miss Jane Savile were both adequate, and the three male roles were splendid. Mr. Lawrence Sterner made the Dean of Milchester an unctuous figure, perfect in the smallest detail and he drew all the humour there was out of the part.

Mr. Murray Kinnell did as well as he could be expected to with the leading part which was an impossible one. Mr. Harry Green possesses an

are pretty in a bovine sort of way. Frank McIntyre, as the corpulent uncle anxious that his little nephew shall make good in his chosen profession as a burglar and bring credit on his family, was responsible for most of the best comedy work. He is a genuine comedian, able to get the utmost from every line and situation. His singing, with Fred Santley, who was excellent as Horace, of "Dear Old Fashioned Prison of Mine" was a thing of joy. Paul Frawley, as Bill, was an ideal leading man, young, handsome and possessed of a fine stage presence, he had comic talent, and a clear, strong voice.

attractive stage presence and a spontaneous way of delivering his lines and had a less impossible part in "Ann" than the others. This new troupe seems to be composed of attractive and capable actors and actresses. The only change I would suggest is a change of plays, but perhaps during the coming weeks we may see an improvement in the choice of plays. I hope so.

W. T.

Motley

by O. K.

A Friendly Conversation in Limerick.

I—The Critic to the Author.

Sir,—

Of Writing you haven't a notion,
Although it commands your devotion,
You ought to be bound

To a Merry-Go-Round

Which proceeds by Perpetual Motion.

II—The Author to the Critic.

Sir,—

Your judgment is most autocratic,
Your critical brain is erratic.

You ought to be shut

In a Hottentot's hut,

Or spend all your days in an attic.

Alas, Poor Censor!

I should like to shed a passing tear for the poor Censor. Few people have realized what a sacrifice he is making for us. Day after day he wallows in the mud in order that we may remain pure and unsullied. Week after week he grovels in the dust so that our souls may be saved. In the process he runs the risk of forfeiting his own salvation, a victim to the very slings and arrows from which he has tried to shield a weak and innocent public.

Something must be done. We, the Public, must refuse to accept such a sacrifice. Let us at least appoint a Board of Super-Censors to pass upon what the Censors may see with impunity. If necessary, let us appoint another Board of Hyper-Super-Censors to safeguard the moral interests of the first Board. And so on ad nauseam. If this is not practical, we might restrict the activities of a single Censor to a single play or a single book. Then he shall be considered to have discharged his obligations to the State, and for the rest of his life he shall have the "exquisite felicity" of having his reading censored for him at no further cost to himself, moral or otherwise. In that way no one is sacrificed on the altar of our interests. Perhaps, too, the time will come (happy thought!) when some of us may be called upon for our little contribution, and when we may be permitted to view at least one play before it has passed through the purifying fires.

On further consideration, however, I refuse to shed the passing tear. I don't care what becomes of the Censor. He deserves all he gets.

FIFTH PHILOSOPHER'S SONG

A MILLION million spermatozoa,
All of them alive!

Out of their cataclysm but one poor
Noah

Dare hope to survive.

Among that billion minus one

Might have chanced to be

Shakespeare, another Newton, a new
Donne—

But the One was Me.

Shame to have ousted your betters
thus,

Taking ark while the others re-
mained outside!

Better for all of us, froward Homun-
culus,

If you'd quietly died!

—Aldous Huxley

The music is bright and catchy, and in Jerome Kern's best manner. Though there is nothing perhaps, in "Sitting Pretty" as good as the "Siren Song," "Babes in the Wood" or "Ka-Lu-a," the score is certainly much above that of the average comedy, and we shall be dancing soon to such clever syn-
copation as "Shuffin' Sam," "A Year from Today," "Worries," "There isn't one Girl" and others. A Vincent Lopez orchestra does more than justice to the music. Mention must be made of the clever lyrics of P. G. Wodehouse "Bongo on the Congo" being a special example of the laughably absurd type of English humor at its best.

—A. J. M. S.

Concerning the Hero and Marriage

by Jack Spector

CURIOUS it is to remark how we feel for the hero while, rashly determined, he flies in the face of kindred, philosophic counsel and even common sense. None, save us, can understand his great passion. What boots it to debate with an irate father the wisdom of being in love, or to argue the magnitude of affection with a calculating guardian. Love transcends everything. The flight of a youthful soul, soaring in the glory-filled sphere of passion knows no earthly bonds. Spring-born melodies constantly visiting his ears prevent entry to all admonition. On the wave of a magnificent unconcern for terrestrial things we pursue with him the flammiferous ideal. Each new gush of adoration, each new stab of ardour moves us deeply. Always has bravery in love been the esteemed recipient of our reverence. To one possessed of the great desire our most tender sympathies have ever gone out superabundantly. But for the hero in love, boldly struggling against the perversities of parental frown and material consideration, our quickest enthusiasm knows no limitation. We are grown wondrous kind and inwardly supplicate the heavens that they show themselves propitious to the great lover. Whatever the price, he must marry the dear girl. For is he not a deserving and a noble youth!

Then after the perusal of several entertainingly exciting chapters we rejoice to learn that things are turning out very well indeed. The parent is balked, the spies are foiled. The dissenters eluded or overcome and all is ready for the crowning and lawful juncture. They get married—she young, pretty, blushing; he flushed, manly, heroic. They get married and the chapter ends in the summum bonum of matrimonial bliss.

Abruptly our feelings for the hero change, perhaps due to no other reason than that the story is only half-way through. Why couldn't he wait until the end of the book; then marry the girl and live happy ever after? We are loth to continue the chronicle of post-nuptial life, to trace with painful exactitude the billowy course of two untried creatures. Domestic tribulation looms in the distance. The shoals of incompatibility draw dangerously near. On yonder island Circe holds court and bethinks herself of some new ensorcelment wherewith to enthrall the unskilled mariner. Some villainous Lord Steyne aboard a many-masted pirate schooner chuckles raucously close by at the thought of capturing the unsuspecting mariner's companion. Yea, "and life is thorny; and youth is vain." Why the needless haste? After all had he waited at least until he graduated, he should have been better prepared to assume such awful responsibilities. His judgment would have been more mature. To antagonize relatives is not exactly wise, worse than all, there was an absolute lack of discretion in the whole affair. It is our superior point of view now which assures us that the recklessness, the grandiose heedlessness we admired but a few chapters back, will breed discord. Our sympathy gathers itself up and poising its nose in the air takes flustered leave. In proportion to our reading we conclude that this getting married so soon was not exactly the right thing to do. And the quondam object of our enthusiasm, vibrant hope and supplication evokes from us no gentler name than The Poor Fool!

What is Art?

(Continued from page one)

more and more about it and understands that it can never be done perfectly, but that improvement in the art may go on for ever. And all 'doings' are arts, and the artist may be known by the way in which he 'does'.

On the foregoing hang all the law and the prophets. All 'doing' is art and all art is different: also all men are different: therefore there are particular arts or groups of arts which are best suited to particular individuals. It may be said that some arts are greater than others: just so some men: the art may be judged by the men interested in it and likewise the man may be judged by the arts he pursues: the final verdict must be made by the judge according to that particular system of falsehood which he conceives to be truth. Nobody can finally decide for anyone but himself as to whether painting is a higher art than spitting out of the window, though of course no trouble arises on that score since we all have our prejudices. The genius may usually be explained as a superman whose taste in arts differs widely from the average. Our Bernard Shaw, for instance, says that no man is any use if he has not a well-developed vein of vulgarity. One may infer that Bernard Shaw places vulgarity high among the arts. I am inclined to agree with him, and in my not at all humble opinion, rank impertinence high among the arts, but those third-rate persons who rise to the top of our present society and are therefore more usually recipients than practitioners of impertinence, would differ.

Religion is an art—the art of Compromise, which is to say the art of recognising what you don't understand and guessing at the result it will have on what you do understand, and modifying your action accordingly. This art is progressive of course, since to the end of one's days one goes on finding out more and more about what one does not understand. Morality is another art; simply defined it is really the art of how to behave toward other people. Love, too, when simplified, is the art of perpetuating oneself.

All this sounds very straightforward, but it isn't. It is inconceivably complicated. The thing works like a sort of feudal system; one art depends on another: they are interwoven: they overlap. There is no top nor bottom: it is all middle. We may observe one thing, however, the inter-relationship is, in ideal, perfectly harmonious. It is true that the sheer limits of time may cause one art's practice to encroach upon that of another but what is never true is that qualitatively the development of one art will harm that of another. From misconceptions on this point arise such idiocies as that vulgarity is indecent. On the contrary, the art of decency and the art of vulgarity are entirely compatible. Thus nobody need fear that progress in one art will militate against progress in another.

This leads directly to the climax of art, the art of living, which is the art of combining all the other arts. This, just as much as any other art, is highly individual, consisting of combining and balancing the other arts in accordance with personality. And what is the object of this system of arts? Thank Heaven, it has none. That is why, since I always pity weakness, I must extend my condolences to those who talk about "Art for Art's Sake" and "Art for Life's Sake". These unfortunate persons fall miserably in the art of honesty. The object does not lie in the art but in the artist, and there can be no question about the nature of the object: it is expression, the business of what Bernard Shaw, if I may drag him in again, calls the "Life Force", whose instrument is the creative impulse. Of course that is in the highest degree

egotistical, as those who are successful in the art of honesty will admit: in general the failures in that art are all either "Art's Sakers" or "Life's Sakers". The former, being mealy-mouthed in their failure, seek to efface themselves, since a dead pride is not so troublesome as a wounded one, and assert that they themselves matter not at all, but the result of them—which is of the nature of decadence. The latter, whose pride remains vigorous, seeks refuge in consummate hypocrisy and announce that egotism is evil. (I must say I admire the brazen impertinence of it. At any rate they preserve their courage.) The reason is of course that they have failed in so many arts that they dare no longer admit that that which instinct tells them prompted all, is their own selves: they see their own selves as failures: boldly they take the bull by the horns and discover that self is evil—at volta—Puritans. They have arrived at the ridiculous position of saying that the object of Art is Life. That is to say they work not for themselves, because they can't help it, but for the sake of some intangible thing called Life.

Now what is this Life. It is no good giving the word a sane definition here, for we are dealing with insanity. The rank and file of Puritans don't know what they mean by "Life" at all: they heard someone else use the word, and since they were seeking a refuge and were not quite able to descend to the level of the Art's Sakers, they adopted the idea. But the ringleaders will be able to show some fight on the point. If one can give 'Life' any meaning beyond 'Existence', I suppose it means the whole business of living, which I have called the "Art of Living". This resolves "Art for Life's Sake" into "Art for Art's Sake", but this is unjust to the Life's Sakers and is not what they mean. The change in the word is a mistake from their point of view: what they really mean is "Art for Morality's Sake." That sounds silly, I know, but there isn't a shadow of doubt that it is what they mean. It suggests that all Art should be subordinated to the one "Art of Morality". But their idea of morality is all crooked too. Having failed so badly in this art, they have developed an inferiority complex to others: they shift the responsibility for their failure from their own particular selves to self in general. Both naughty and silly! Inevitably, since the error is in the Art of Morality, they set to work to propagate it and corrupt the minds of the weak, who very often become true believers in this notorious false doctrine. Being highly seductive by its shifting of moral responsibility, it is soon trumpeted aloud in the market place and something far worse than the abuse of the Roman Catholic Confessional begins, since it cannot be seen and grasped. This unfortunate generation, like those of the times of the fall of the Roman Empire, has an enlarged consciousness of Morality, and millions of fools are brought to failure in an art, with which they should only vaguely be acquainted. If the Life's Sakers would only shut up, the trouble would vanish: they haven't the sense to see that they defeat their own ends—unless they are all hypocrites like the originators of the doctrine.

Those who wish to set their minds in order should let loose the floods of their own egotism and selfishness for a time: nature will shortly effect a balance. Then they may forget all about morality for a period of at least five years and live as the spirit moves them. After that they will be restored to sanity and can safely tamper again with morals but should always remember that this is where their weakness lies.

VESPASIANO,

Sane Censorship

(Continued from page one)

ards of dramatic moral, and aesthetic values vary from individual to individual, from place to place, and even from hour to hour. It isn't a known quantity like alcohol and it is possible that legislative action, so effective in the one case, would turn out to be a dismal failure in the other. Yet perhaps this very difficulty will enable us to reduce the censorship problem to simplicity. Whenever at the theatre one has only to dig up a Socratic demon from the depths of one's being; something after the nature of the three virtuous monkeys—see no evil, hear no evil, speak no evil. With a properly disciplined demon the most tender would be immune. Columns of instruction for rearing him could be run in the newspaper syndicates.

Mr. Henry Arthur Jones helps us to understand how the drama of the insidious intellectual lowers the moral tone of the theatre. "The drama should amuse and interest the populace but on an intellectual level, and although therefore the drama will always be inseparable and intertwined with Popular Amusement, (the capitals are mine—Arthur.) yet it is something distinct from Popular Amusement and in its higher reaches will always be opposed to it." Knowing Popular Amusement as we do we realize at once the depravity of the drama, and the immediate need of a censor.

Connected with this opposition is the eternal enmity between the theatre and the drama;—that in those communities and in those countries where the theatre has the upper hand, the drama will be secondary and degraded; where the theatre flourishes on its own account the drama will decay, but that where the drama is most honoured and loved the art of acting will be given its greatest opportunities and the best type of actor and highest quality of acting will be appreciated."

It is then not Popular Amusement, such as Vaudeville or Burlesque shows, Midnight Frolics or Follies, that strike at public morals but the drama of Shakespeare, Moliere, Ibsen, and Shaw; and the art of Booth, Irving and Tree.

The Sea of Lost Ships

(Continued from page one)

Phoenician galleys, laden with treasure.

Surely the legend is more appealing than the actual facts, and the motion picture entitled "The Isle of Lost Ships" than the scientific report on the Sargasso Sea.

At the present time a new expedition is about to set out for the Sargasso Sea, prepared to face all dangers, however legendary, and to investigate the region thoroughly. Special underwater platforms have been constructed from which the marine life can be studied, and small boats of an unusual strength are ready to dare all dangers of the strange region. Thus, if a self-confident octopus should happen to climb aboard the ship, he will get a much warmer reception than he ever bargained for. For the sea of lost ships is being thoroughly conquered.

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